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in dipping it in ideal colors which have quickly faded when reflected in the healthy light of life's realities. It has but too seldom been regarded as a spiritual institution through which the lower appetites and passions of our nature have to be filtered into ancillaries for the invigoration of the divinities that inwardly move and elevate us, and through which woman must have her social equalities and moral dignities, and be no longer considered as an instrument of pleasure,—a mere *agent matériel de procréation*. Marriage must be a crucifixion to those whose physical disparities are incapable of growing into moral unities,—whose binary material conjunction is not followed by a corresponding spiritual unity of their thoughts, feelings, and actions. In our next, we shall consider the pecuniary requisites of marriage, and the necessity of true art in the formation of a home.

Correspondence.

ITALY IN 1855-56.

Sunday, 9th March, 1856.

THE Catacombs of St. Peter's are the types of the beginning and of the end of the Church in Rome, of its early faith and suffering, and its later triumph and worldly success. There are few places more crowded with solemn and affecting associations than the catacombs, and perhaps no other in which one may so easily transfer himself in feeling to the first centuries of Christianity; and, entering into the lives of the Christians of those times, take part in their joys, their sufferings, their martyrdoms, and their support. It is an experience never to be forgotten, when one descends for the first time into those dark, narrow, under-ground passages, cut through the soft, volcanic stone, lined with grave above grave on either side. Mile after mile the labyrinth of burial-paths extends. Sometimes rising to near the level of the ground, sometimes descending to form a second or third story, one below the other, of excavated passages. Almost all the graves have been opened and rifled; the marble slabs that faced them have been broken or carried away, or the tiles with which many were closed, have been knocked down, and the interior of the little bed in the rock where the body was laid, exposed to sight. But everywhere, notwithstanding all the injury they have suffered, and the long fifteen centuries that have passed since they were made and used, everywhere are to be found indications of special facts of the most vivid reality and the most touching interest. In the plaster by which the tiles were fastened to the stone, an inscription was sometimes scratched with the point of a trowel, while the mortar was yet damp. Long ago the body mouldered, but here is the name of "Perpetua," who was buried on the 3d Kalends of June, *in Pace* (in peace). There are many graves of little children, while other graves are cut out deep and large in the rock, that two or more members of one family might be put side by side in death. On the rough plaster still remains the impression of a ring, or perhaps of a coin, with which it had been stamped, that in this hidden city

of graves this one might be recognized and found again by him who had laid his treasure away in it. Here, too, is the monogram of Christ, and here, just scratched in the plaster, the rude drawing of a palm branch, to mark that in that grave was laid one of the noble army of martyrs. His name unknown, his life unknown, his trial unknown, his grave empty; and this little memorial palm all that is left to tell us of one who died for his Lord. But this is enough. By another grave is the mark in the mortar of the glass vessel which contained the blood of another unnamed martyr. There are very many of such graves as these. The times of persecution reproduce themselves to the imagination as one stands in the dark and still passages by the side of a martyr's grave. Times, when to be a Christian meant really to be one who took up his cross to follow Christ. Times, when faith trusted in the promises of the Lord, and rejoiced to be called to suffer for his sake. Times, when faith overcame suffering, and the martyr went to death as to triumph, and they who loved him were glad for his sake. These narrow walks are once more occupied by those who bring the body of the dead in Christ to the tomb. Their lights cast strong and flickering shadows; the few who have come to lay him away walk one by one, perhaps singing together, perhaps repeating the words of comfort left them by their Master. They leave the body of him whom they may so soon have to follow in peace, and they turn away ready for the new trials and the new perils of tomorrow. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God; and he shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of water, and shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

In these catacombs the faithful and heroic spirit of the first martyrs still sanctifies the air. It is said sometimes that the martyr spirit is extinct or faint in our days; but such a saying proves only the faithlessness of him who utters it, and his real ignorance of the world. The bloody martyrdoms of ancient times are, let us hope, gone forever. But there are disciples of Christ called every day to trials, to bear which requires the fortitude of martyrs; but which must be borne without the consciousness of the trial, being for the glory of God and for the cause of His truth. None of the excitement of heroism, none of the earthly glory that attended the death of the martyrs, accompanies these trials which come to the most humble and obscure. To live in faith is often far more difficult than to die for faith. That persecution is the means of purifying, and that prosperity leads to worldliness in the practice and in the heart of many who call themselves Christians, no one doubts; but the early martyrs would have died in vain had they not, by their deaths, quickened the seeds of faith in the hearts of their fellow Christians, to be transmitted from one to the other, even to the latest, and to serve as one of the aids and supports of those who, in our and succeeding times, may be called on to bear heavier trials than that of a glorious and triumphant death for Christ. Let us not, while the memory

of the martyrs of the early times remains, or while one palm branch stands as their record in the Catacombs, admit that their lives and deaths were of so little worth as an example and stimulus, that the spirit which animated them has grown weak and uncertain in us.

The history of the Catacombs is to be divided into four portions. First—that of the three first centuries, when they were used as burying places, and rarely for places of concealment, and for religious meetings. In these centuries, beside the graves, some simple chapels were hollowed out of the rock in which the faithful used to meet at stated times. After the empire became nominally Christian, and peace was given to the church, the custom of using the catacombs for burial was gradually discontinued; but they were more and more visited as holy places. New and more splendid chapels were formed in them; and often over their entrance churches were erected, and connected, if possible, with the tomb of the principal saint buried below. But when Italy began to be desolated by the northern armies that poured down one after another upon it, and the country about Rome became more and more unsafe, the catacombs were neglected as places of resort. They were left to be rifled by whoever chose. Only those churches at their entrances were maintained, which could be well fortified and defended. The others were neglected, and some fell utterly to ruin, and it was only last year that the forgotten church of St. Alexander, which stood near the seventh milestone on the Nomentan way, and which had in the course of centuries been buried in its own ruins and in the slowly accumulated earth, was re-discovered, and the catacombs adjoining it once more entered. This neglect lasted, with the exception of such interest as was taken in the catacombs by a few scattered and separate individuals, down to a very late time; and it is only in recent days, that what may be called the fourth period in their history, commenced. They are now regarded with the interest that belongs to them, not merely as the burial-places of the first Christians of Rome, but as containing in their inscriptions most important illustrations of the history and doctrines of the church, and in the pictures on the walls of chapels and shrines precious and unparalleled works of early art.

During the last few years much attention has been given in Rome to all the remains of the first centuries of Christianity. Many inscriptions from the Catacombs have been arranged in a long gallery at the Vatican; and at the present time others are being collected, and arranged in the Lateran Palace, in connection with a Museum of Christian Antiquities, formed under the direction of the Pope. At the same time investigations in the Catacombs themselves are being carried on, and discoveries of the highest interest and importance have recently been made by the Cavaliere de Rossi, a man still young, but of marvellous learning and not less marvellous sagacity. The story of his discovery of the ancient entrance to the catacombs of St. Calixtus and one of the tombs of the Popes, and of St. Cecilia within it, is a piece of the very romance of Archæology.

The cemetery attached to the old church of St. Sebastian had long borne the name of St. Calixtus; but nothing had been found in it to prove that it was really the famous cemetery that had in ancient times borne this name. Some hundred yards nearer Rome were other catacombs, which were discovered by a curious accident, in the 17th century; but of which the original entrance had never been found. A year or two since a broken slab of marble was turned up in a field not far from the mouth of this latter cemetery. It was broken obliquely, and bore the following letters—**NELII MARTYRIS**. De Rossi at once suspected that this was part of the sepulchral inscription of Pope Cornelius [A. D. 253]; that his tomb probably lay beneath; and that, as all the early authorities concurred in placing it in the cemetery of Calixtus, these catacombs, and not, as had been supposed, those at the church of St. Sebastian, should bear that name. He declared also that as it was known that St. Cyprian was commemorated with St. Cornelius in these catacombs, and as indeed some old writers had fallen into the error of asserting that Cyprian was buried here, when, as was well known, he was actually buried in Africa, where he had been martyred, something would be found to illustrate or explain the mistake. Excavations were immediately commenced. The original stairway forming the main entrance to the cemetery, was soon struck upon, and not far from it a tomb of great size, and in a heap of earth and rubbish, lying near it, a broken piece of marble, bearing the letters that were wanted to complete the inscription on which De Rossi had based his predictions. The letters were {COR} and the inscription now read **CORNELII MARTYRIS**.
EP.

{ (THE TOMB OF) CORNELIUS THE MARTYR }
BISHOP.

At the side of this tomb, on the wall, was a picture of two figures dressed in robes as priests, with glories round their heads. The colors are somewhat faded, but the work is still so perfect, that it is easily to be referred by its character to the 6th or 7th century. By the left side of each, letter below letter, here and there one almost effaced, but enough left to make the whole legible, were the names of these figures—**Sancti Cornelii, Sancti Cipriani**. De Rossi's triumph was complete: Cornelius and Cyprian were martyred, according to the annals of the church, on the same day, but in different years; hence, on the same day was their memory honored. The figure of Cyprian was placed with that of Cornelius at the tomb of the latter, and thus arose the error of supposing that St. Cyprian also was buried here. One who is on the spot, looking at these ancient pictures by the light of dim tapers, standing by these empty tombs, and experiencing the effect that all the associations belonging to these places produce, finds a story like that of this discovery, full of profound interest. To others far off it may seem of little concern; but it is not so here.

Other discoveries followed of not less interest, one, perhaps, of even greater. From indications which it would be too long to detail here, De Rossi judged that he

was near the shrine or chapel of St. Cecilia. It was known that she had been buried in this cemetery; but that in the ninth century her body had been transferred to her church in Trastevere, by Pope Paschal I. In the catacombs near St. Sebastian, an inscription exists stating that she had been buried there, but this inscription was put up by a bishop in the middle ages. It was necessary, however, to proceed with caution, for if De Rossi failed to establish conclusively the very place where St. Cecilia's body had been laid, the community of St. Sebastian would naturally assert the genuineness of the title of their cemetery to this honor. Feeling confident that he had found the right spot, De Rossi set about his excavations. The place was filled with earth that had been washed down through a *luminaria*, or hole, for light and air. The digging was begun at the top of this hole. As the excavation proceeded downwards, three figures were found painted on the wall just where it reached the level of the roof of a sort of chapel. Names were by their sides; the letters could be read, and they proved to be the names of the husband, the brother-in-law of Saint Cecilia, who had suffered martyrdom just before her, and of the officer whom they had converted, and who had also died at the same time as a martyr. Proceeding further, other proofs were found that this must indeed be the place consecrated in early times as her burial chamber. On one of the walls was a striking figure of a woman, young and richly dressed, and at her side a head of the Saviour. Here, too, was the figure of St. Urban, the friend of St. Cecilia, and who as Pope had buried her in this cemetery. No shadow of doubt was left.

Such are some of the recent discoveries, and the field is not yet exhausted. A thousand miles of these underground streets of the dead lie around Rome, and many years must pass before all the secrets they contain will be brought to light, even though De Rossi's genius be employed in finding them out. He is now employed in editing all the Christian inscriptions of the first six centuries, of which nearly eleven thousand are already known. It is a striking fact that the character of all the early sepulchral inscriptions is generally of the simplest and quietest description. They often consist of only three words—the name, and the words "in peace," *felicitas in pace*. Others are a little longer: "Victoria in peace and pray for us." Others are erected to a "well deserving" child, or brother; or wife; and one that has no name is, "Anima dulcissima in pace," sweetest soul in peace. During all the period of trial and persecution of the church, the inscriptions continue of this simple and peaceful kind; but with the third century commences a decline. They become less feeling, and more ambitious; there is less faith, less self-forgetfulness, and soon the trade of the professional writer of inscriptions becomes plain in the cold eloquence of empty monumental praise. But the first inscriptions, often hastily cut in the marble, with their bad spelling, with their irregular lines, their letters of unequal size, with the little emblem of a dove and an olive branch so commonly engraved upon them, have an eloquence beyond anything else that has

come down to us from ancient times. It is a memorable and touching fact that in all the paintings in the catacombs, there is not one in which the sorrows and sufferings of our Lord on which the art of later centuries has been so fond of dwelling, are represented. Without exception, the pictures in these dark, hidden chapels are of a cheerful, encouraging character. In the paintings of the earliest period, the subjects taken from the history of the Lord are mostly hidden under types and emblems, the meaning of which would not be plain to heathen persecutors had they discovered these secret works. The Saviour is represented under the figure of Orpheus, calling, in the sweetness of his words, all men to him. A man in a chest, floating on the waters, and with a dove flying towards him, represents the salvation of the world. The kingdom of Heaven is seen under the picture of a feast. But the most frequently represented, and by far the most beautiful of all the representations in the catacombs is that of the Good Shepherd bearing a lamb upon his shoulders, and with sheep at his feet. Such a picture was the visible representation of the faith of those who gathered for worship, for counsel, for encouragement in the chapel upon whose walls it stood. No emblem could be found fuller of consolation or of support. Some of these figures are drawn with truth and grace; they are simple but full of feeling, and even now blackened, faded, and broken, as they mostly are, they possess a power that belongs to few other works of art.

The traditions concerning St. Cecilia's martyrdom, her burial, the transference of her body to the church that had been built upon the side of her house, and which bore her name, and the long subsequent re-discovery and opening of her coffin, have much interest not merely in their relation to the Saint herself, but also from their connection with art, as, for instance, in the beautiful statue by Maderno, and in Raffaele's preëminent picture, in which the loveliness of the Saint seems to have transferred itself through his hand to the canvas. These traditions are familiar to most readers, in their general outline, but their details are only to be gathered from scattered sources.

The story of the martyrdom of the Saint is told in the record which the church regards as authentic, with such a particularity of statement, and with so great a disregard of probability, as to cast a doubt over the whole narrative, and to destroy, in great measure, the effect of the simple truth. It runs in brief as follows. The prefect Almachius having condemned her to death ordered that she should be confined in the "caldarium," or hot-air chamber of the baths in her house, and that fires being lighted by which the air within should be heated, she should thus be stifled to death. The order was obeyed. Cecilia entered joyfully into the place of torture, but a heavenly air and cool dews filled the chamber, and the flames produced no effect. For many hours the ministers of Almachius used every means to heat this inner divine air in vain. When the prefect heard of this wonder, he ordered that a licitor should cut off the head of the Saint. The virgin offered her

neck to the sword; three times the executioner struck, but even with the third blow he failed to sever her slender neck; and he left her bleeding but still conscious, on the floor of her chamber. For three days the spirit of the virgin hovered round her dying body. From time to time she addressed words of comfort and of peace to the Christians who loved and watched her. At last the Pope Urban came from the Catacombs, where, in this time of persecution, he had been lying concealed, to give to her his blessing. She entrusted to him all her worldly possessions, to be distributed to the poor, and with this charge upon her lips, she died. She was lying upon her right side, her hands extended, resting one upon the other; her head was turned, so that her face was hid from sight. The next night her precious body was carried out to the cemetery of St. Calixtus, and the pope performed the funeral services over her grave. She was laid in a chest of cypress wood, in the very position in which she died; nor was her dress changed, for it was rich with her own blood. In the hidden sepulchre in the rock her body was left to repose.

As centuries went on, although the memory of her life and death remains in the hearts of the faithful, the particular spot of her burial was forgotten. At length, in 821, five hundred and forty years after her death, the church which had been built where her house had formerly stood, was rebuilt by the then reigning Pope Paschal I. He was desirous to find the body of the Saint that it might be laid with due honor and preserved with due care in this place dedicated to the worship of God and to her memory, and it is said that the Saint appeared to him in a vision and revealed to him the place where it lay. Here he found the chest of cypress wood, and within it the body, just as it had been placed so many centuries before. On the 8th May, 822, with great celebration, it was carried to her church, and the cypress chest enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, was placed under the high altar, together with another sarcophagus, in which were the relics of the martyred husband and his brother, and the officer Madimus.

Another succession of centuries passed. The church rebuilt by Paschal had grown old in its turn, and in 1599, Cardinal Sfondrati, who was Cardinal of the title of St. Cecilia, was engaged in restoring it. On the 20th of October of that year, as he was making researches under the high altar, he came upon the two sarcophagi. He sent at once to summon various people of note, that they might be witnesses of the opening of these marble coffins. The lid was lifted from the first, and within lay the body of St. Cecilia, fresh as when first buried, in the very position and with the very garments in which she had died. It was a wonder in the eyes of all. The Cardinal at once went to Frascati to inform the Pope Clement VIII., who was at that time staying there, of his discovery. The Pope was confined to his bed with the gout, but he ordered the well-known Baronius to go at once to Rome, that he might see and confirm so strange a story. Baronius has left an account in his annals, of what he saw. "She was lying," he says, "in a coffin of cypress wood, enclosed in a marble sarcophagus; not in the man-

ner of one dead and buried, that is, on her back, but on her right side, as one asleep, and in a very modest attitude; covered with a plain stuff of taffeta, having her head bound with a cloth, and at her feet, the remains of the cloth of gold and silk which Pope Paschal had found in her tomb." The next day, he said mass in the church and then returned with his report to Pope Clement. All Rome seems to have been filled with wonder and delight at this discovery. On the 22d of November, St. Cecilia's day, a splendid and solemn service of commemoration and rejoicing was held in her church. All that could be done to render the ceremony imposing was performed, and once more the body was laid away untouched under the altar, in the old cypress-wood coffin, now enclosed in a silver case. It was a striking and memorable time. Among those who beheld the body of the Saint at the period of its discovery, was the sculptor Stefano Maderno. He was employed by Cardinal Sfondrati to represent it in a statue. He was a very young man, only twenty-four years old, but he was moved by the deep feeling which such a charge might well excite, and he worked with a sincere and religious fervor. It is impossible not to see in his work how deeply he was affected. His statue is full of tender, pathetic, simple beauty. It is at once a memorial of the loveliness of the saint, of the marvellous story of the discovery of her body; and of the elevated feeling which guided the artist's hand in an age when such sentiment was becoming rare in art.

It is neither easy nor needful to attempt to give a solution of the difficulties that suggest themselves in relation to the re-discovery of the body of the Saint in 1599. Of the fact of the finding of a body according to the circumstances already narrated, and of the general belief at the time, that it was really the body of St. Cecilia, there can be no question. The authority of Baronius is not to be disputed, and to his testimony may be added that of the contemporaneous inscription which still exists where it was originally placed, at the order of Cardinal Sfondrati, on the pavement of the church in front of the statue by Maderno. It is in Latin, and is to be translated as follows: "Paul Cardinal of the Title of St. Cecilia. Behold the likeness of the most holy virgin Cecilia, whom I myself saw lying perfect in her sepulchre: which I have caused to be made in this marble in the very position of the body, for you."

The recent discovery of her chapel in the Catacombs adds a new interest to this remarkable story, and unites the old traditions with our days.

ART NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

LETTER XVII.

To the Editors of the Crayon:

LONDON, 20th July, 1856.

OFTEN as I have had to write to you of the Marochetti crisis in British Sculpture art, that ghost is not yet laid; and now, in the dull Art-season, the topic is one of the first that occurs to my mind. Following the Sculptors' memorial against the assignment of the Wellington monument commission to Marochetti, the last move

in the case is a question put to Government by Lord Harrington in the House of Lords, as to the cost of the Scutari monument, and why native competition was not invited. The answer of Lord Panmure, on the part of the ministry, was not calculated to close the discussion. He argued that British sculptors object to compete, and hazarded other statements partly vague, partly commonplace, partly inaccurate. Replies have already been made public from chafing sculptors, noticeably Mr. Baily; and one begins to wish that the Scutari monument was safely set up, and the Wellington commission any how safely awarded, if so the altercation might but subside.

The London season is rapidly waning, and no symptom appears of a fulfillment of the hope held out by government, that something would be done to give actual initiatory shape and presence to the great project of a national portrait gallery. There seems now little chance that anything will be done in the matter this year. However, one noticeable step has been taken, one most important donation made to the promised gallery. Lord Ellesmere, the inheritor of the renowned Bridgewater collection of paintings, announces that he will present to the gallery the celebrated Chandos portrait of Shakspeare, which he acquired some years since from the gallery of the Duke of Buckingham; a portrait which, although its origin is not free from some uncertainty, comes to us handed down with venerable traditions of authenticity, and which may, I believe, be fully accepted as the most reliable likeness of the poet extant in painting,—the sculptured bust over his tomb in Stratford church alone having higher claims to reverence. The portrait, although bearing evidence of a good old age, is in fair preservation, and no more auspicious commencement of the gallery could have been made than by this munificent gift.

Even its enemies—and they are neither few nor mild—cannot deny to the new management of our National Gallery of Art increased activity, at any rate. Month by month almost, throughout the season, one new picture has succeeded another on its walls. This month there are two—a John Bellini and a Marco Basaiti; in addition to purchases yet unhung, an important work by Lo Spagna, bought for £620, at a sale in London, and some Peruginos, whose appearance from Italy has been expected a tolerable while. The Bellini is a half-length Madonna and Child; the mother serene, gracious, and beautiful with a maternal beauty,—the infant a handsome child, portrait-like, and somewhat peculiar. The color is very strong, dark and richly impressive. It appears to me, with the upholders of the purchase, that these merits, and the genuineness of the picture must fairly be allowed; but with the denouncers of the purchase, I feel satisfied that it has suffered grievously from restorers. The operations of those gentlemen have here been carried on with considerable trade, skill, and handicraftsman delicacy; so that the first look of the picture, to an ordinary visitor, is that of high finish and splendid condition; but the finish is stipple and commonplace softness of relief, not the calm, free, deep grandeur of the Venetian hand. The flesh more especially—and more deplorably—exhibits

the earthy brown shades and the morbid trickery of the restorer. How far opinions differ on this subject, as indeed on every other subject into which criticism of Art enters, may be seen by those who read the newspaper letters of Messrs. Coningham and Morris Moore, as counsel for the prosecution, and Dr. Waagen as counsel for the defence. "Rotten daub" is but one of the many epithetical amenities which the former bestow upon the work; the latter vows that nothing but a man utterly ignorant of the very alphabet of connoisseurship could fail to see the master's hand and the great Venetian principle resplendent in every square inch, as on the day when the picture left the easel. I have always regarded Dr. Waagen as a pompous old woman, whose opinion on Art in the abstract was worth just nothing; but I had imagined that his loud reputation as a connoisseur rested upon just foundations, so far as the knowledge of schools, styles, and preservation extends. This confident verdict of his on the Bellini goes far, I should say, to put his credit in question, even on the latter grounds. The other new picture at our gallery, the Marco Basaiti, is a small composition of St. Jerome reading, in a rocky landscape, with a little city in the middle distance; the whole, in its nicety, cleanness, and quaintness, bearing as much affinity to the general character of the early Flemish school as that of the Venetian. It is particularly wanting in richness or splendor of color, but is pleasant as far as it goes, and brings another interesting and honorable name into the catalogue of the Gallery.

The Bellini outcry threatens to overpower the Veronese outcry which ensued some months ago on the exhibition of the Adoration of the Magi; but the latter is not dead yet. The Direction of the Gallery paid £1,977. for that picture; the statement has been made, that it could have been got for £50.; and now the inexorable Morris Moore comes forward to maintain that statement. "In the church of San Silvestro, in Venice," says an informant, whose accuracy he guarantees, "there were ten pictures by various masters; and, as they were in a very bad state, the curate of the church had been endeavoring, for twenty years and more, to sell these pictures, which were useless to him. Nobody bought them. It was only last year (1855) that a certain M. Toffoli made the acquisition of the ten pictures for the sum of 10,000 francs (£400 sterling); and he had one of them, the Adoration of the Magi, which was said to be by Paul Veronese, restored. It was M. Tagliapietra, Restaurateur de l'Académie des Beaux Arts de Venise, who, for the sum of 100 napoleons, restored this picture, which was afterwards sent to Paris." Such is the statement; and, considering that the picture is not intrinsically a good picture which we could be proud to possess anyhow, be its market value small or great, the statement suggests ugly forebodings of imposition. It does not go so far, however, as to show that the Veronese was really offered for £50.; that picture might have been the *pièce de résistance* of the of the whole ten, and valued, say, at £300., while the other nine went for £100. Or, after all (to stick to the question of market value), the curate of San Silvestro may

have been the dupe in accepting a small price from M. Toffoli, and not the National Gallery in giving him a large one. Not that I would imply it *was* so.

The bill for enabling the Directors of the Gallery to dispose of a portion of the pictures forming a single purchase or bequest has become law more quietly than I had expected it would. Sensibly applied the act ought to work well; and I believe the case of the Bellini purchase is one in which it may be applied at once, as the picture is said to have been acquired only by means of paying a high price for a number of works, the remainder of which are not available for the collection.

In another respect the National Gallery has called forth some rather strong expressions of public opinion—more public and more energetic than is the British wont in matters of art. The removal of the gallery from its present site is a project now old. The collection has outgrown the accommodation which it shares in Trafalgar Square with the Royal Academy; the building itself is an eyesore; and the pictures are affirmed on strong scientific authority to suffer from the smoke to which they are exposed in the heart of London. Meanwhile the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851, with Prince Albert at their head, have bought with the surplus receipts of that Exhibition, a space of ground at Kensington Gore (the far West of London), and nourish grand ideas of peopling it with our Art-treasures. A bill was introduced into Parliament for the removal hither of the National Gallery. It went on quietly at first, but was eventually put to the challenge, divided upon, and thrown out by a majority of votes. People have a notion that there was an attempt to smuggle the bill through Parliament, and that the transfer to Kensington Gore is a pet project of Prince Albert's; and British blood finds it necessary to protest every now and then against Germanism and Court influence. Under this feeling of the hour—a feeling not very far wrong, perhaps; but still rather frothy than otherwise—lies a deeper feeling, that, after all, we do not really want to have the Gallery moved anywhere. The space is confined, but it can be doubled by turning out the Royal Academy, who are there only on sufferance; the building is execrable; but it can be rebuilt, if necessary; the smoke (at least if we are to believe the men of science), is injurious, but legislation is effecting a gradual mitigation of London smoke; nor is Kensington Gore so pastoral a district as to be free from the same pest, especially seeing that each year extends London further and more densely Westward. I believe, the general feeling, and I am sure a very rational one is, that the Gallery is best where it is; the next best alternative seeming to be, not a half-and-half removal to a suburb of London, like Kensington Gore, but a removal to some place as decidedly out of London as Hampton Court for instance, so as to enable the people to combine a visit to the collection of art with fresh air and country-pleasures. The bill meanwhile is done for; and Lord Elcho, a nobleman whose name has been heretofore mixed up with National Gallery legislature, has obtained a royal commission to inquire into the expediency of removing the Gallery, and of combining

with it the art section of the British Museum, by carrying out a separation of the heterogeneous contents of the latter. The Museum, I may add, is reported to have enriched its mediæval department by a highly important series of ivory carvings of the 13th and 14th centuries, collected by Mr. W. Maskell.

The future organization of another of our public Art institutions, Dulwich College, has been long under discussion; and now a bill for settling it is before the House of Lords. Of what affects the College itself does not belong to me to speak; but the provision that the "Bourgeois collection of pictures is to be opened to the public as heretofore," disposes of the question not uninteresting to the Art-student, whether those pictures were or were not to be removed to London, and merged in the national collection.

The great Manchester Enterprise of an Exhibition of Art-Treasures of the United Kingdom continues to grow. A site, described as excellent in all respects has been selected; and Mr. Young, the architect of the Museum in progress in Kensington Gore, has succeeded in the competition for erecting the building, and has signed a provisional contract to complete it by New Year's Day, for £24,500. "The structure," says the *Athenæum*, "unless important changes are introduced while it is in progress, will cover a ground space of 15,200 square yards, or rather more than three acres, and will afford additional room by the construction of internal galleries. The building will be for the most part, constructed of cast and corrugated iron, glass being employed only in the centre of each compartment of the roof. The whole interior will be lined with wood; and the end of the building which has been chosen for the grand entrance, will be of ornamented brick-work. The extreme length of the building will be 704 feet, and the extreme breadth 200 feet;" dimensions only mediocre, in comparison with those of the London Great Exhibition. The design, according to the same authority, "is nothing but a large glass shed with a brick front, three glass bands or tunnels set side by side; and one of the most cowardly surrenders of beauty to mere utilitarianism we ever remember to have seen." Beyond the decision as to the building, the practical character and scope of the exhibition itself has advanced towards a settlement, the suggestion having originated with Prince Albert. "If the collection you propose to form," writes the Prince, "were made to illustrate the history of Art in a chronological and systematic arrangement, it would speak powerfully to the public mind, and enable, in a practical way, the most uneducated eye (?) to gather the lessons which ages of thought and scientific research have attempted to abstract; and would present to the world, for the first time, a gallery such as no other country could produce, but for which, I feel convinced, the materials exist abundantly in private hands amongst us. As far as painting is concerned, I enclose a catalogue, exhibiting all the different schools, with the masters who illustrate them, which able hands have compiled for me. If such a catalogue, for instance, were filled up with the specimens of the best paintings by the different masters enumerated in it which exist in this coun-

try, I feel certain that the Committee would come with very different powers of persuasion, and a very different claim to attention, to their owners, than when the demand for the loan of certain of their pictures was apparently dependent upon mere accident or caprice. A person who would not otherwise be inclined to part with a picture would probably shrink from refusing it if he knew that his doing so tended to mar the realization of a great national object. The same principle might be adopted with regard to the other branches of art, extending even into the field of manufacturing industry." To some critics this suggestion of Prince Albert's appears too extensive and high-soaring; but I am inclined to think the objection hypercritical. In any great undertaking, such as the Manchester Exhibition, there must be some system of arrangement; and the suggestion, if it should fail to produce the complete gallery which the Prince desires, will still be serviceable as far as it goes, since it will amount at any rate, to this much: Take the best measures you can for getting good works together, and arrange them in the most instructive manner that offers. The Committee evidently intend to act upon the idea, as, in their last advertisement, they speak of placing before the world "an Art-Exhibition not less valuable to the student for its chronological arrangement than attractive to the public for its beauty and completeness." They add that "oil-paintings, water-color drawings, engravings, sculpture in marble and stone; carvings in ivory and wood; bronzes, coins, and works of artistic excellence in gold, silver, steel, or iron, in glass and earthenware, terra-cotta and plaster, will necessarily constitute the main features of the exhibition;" also that "the Committee do not desire to elicit from manufacturers specimens of their productions, either for competition or sale."

The solution of the question of artistic copyright is again deferred; the motion which Mr. Thomas Chambers was to have made for a Select Committee of the House of Commons on the subject, being postponed till next year, in consequence of the advanced period of the present session.

Of individual works of art, the news is now becoming necessarily scanty. Mr. Holman Hunt's "Scape-goat,"—than which no picture of the year has excited more interest and discussion—will become part of the collection of Mr. Windus, long famous for its Turners, and recently sprinkled with conspicuous Pre-Raphaelite works. There was a likelihood of its being engraved by Mr. Thomas Landseer, the first man in the profession for works of this character; but will now, I understand, come into the hands of Mr. Barlow instead. The picture, like Mr. Hunt's previous work, "The Light of the World," has produced a serious religious impression. Anglican bishops glorified it on the opening day of the Academy Exhibition; the Presbyterian British Quarterly says that "many Christian hearts have blessed the painter;" and more than one reference has been made to it from the pulpit—a fact most strangely exceptional in English preaching. The embodiment of royalty sheds, to British eyes, a halo round a picture by Mr. Barrett, of the Visit of the Queen and Royal Family to Wounded Orimean Sol-

diers at Brompton Hospital; and also round one which M. Müller is engaged in executing for the Emperor Napoleon, and for the gallery of Versailles, commemorative of the Queen's arrival last year at St. Cloud.

An interesting commission of a kind rare in this country, has been given by the cultivated owner of a mansion in our northernmost county of Northumberland; the decoration, namely, of an arcaded court of the house with a series of paintings on a large scale of the historical order. The number of paintings, if I recollect aright, is to be six, and the dimensions of each something like 12 by 7 feet; the architectural effect of the whole being to be completed by decorative painting between the historical subjects. The artist who has been selected for this arduous honor is Mr. W. B. Scott, the Master of the Government School of Art at Newcastle, known by his pen in poetic and other literature as well as by his pencil in art. He intends to make the series illustrative of the history and worthies of Northumberland; and contemplates executing the works in oil-color rather than fresco. I understand that Ruskin has promised to visit the mansion on his return from Switzerland, and to give its owner the benefit of his counsel.

The most noticeable books bearing upon art which I have to refer to are a Life of Gainsborough, by the late G. W. Fulcher, edited by his son, which seems to be done *con amore*, carefully and well; and Mr. C. J. Anderson's "Lake Ugami; or Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years Wanderings in the Wilds of South-western Africa;" to which Mr. Wolf, the prince of animal-painters, for wide-spread and close observation as a naturalist, has contributed fifty of his most admirable designs, "representing sporting-adventures, subjects of natural history, devices for destroying wild animals," etc. An inspection with which I was recently favored, of this artist's uncounted designs, studies, and sketches of animal life, left me fairly astounded at the multiplicity of his industry and knowledge which he can reinforce as occasion offers, by excellent invention of subject.

As if in a lull after the excitement of the auction of Rogers's Collection, the season has lately been a rather quiet one for picture sales. That of Lord Orford's Gallery, however, which came off in the first week of the present month, was an important one. Here was bought for the National Gallery the *Lo Spagna* of which I spoke above. The famous *Rainbow Landscape* of Rubens, after being put up at 2,750 guineas, realized the great sum of £4,550; and Sasso Ferrato's "Marriage of St. Catharine,"—I presume the most prominent work of that third-rate master in England—brought £1,025.

The subscription for a monument to the brave French volunteer Bellot, who perished in one of our Arctic expeditions dispatched for the discovery of Sir John Franklin and his crew, has resulted, after the division of about £1,600 among the five unmarried sisters of the deceased, in a monument on the quay of Greenwich Hospital. The monument is an obelisk of Aberdeen granite, bearing the name of Bellot on its shaft, and having a tablet affixed to its opposite side, with the follow-

ing inscription: "To the intrepid young Bellot, of the French Navy, who, in the endeavor to rescue Franklin, shared the fate and the glory of that illustrious navigator. From his British Admirers. 1858." To Franklin himself and his associates, a monument is to be raised in the hall of the Hospital; and the mayor and corporation of the city of Lincoln intend to erect a monument there also.

A Ceramic Court, old and modern, borrowed mostly from private persons, and from the trade, is now added to the attractions of the Crystal Palace.

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

THE PERFECT ARTIST.

BY JUSTIN WINSOR.

The perfect artist is the perfect man,—
Where each attendant function of the mind,
In due proportions, and not o'er inclined,
Acts in a saintly harmony of plan;
The passions by a sense of right confined,
Imparting yet an energy to Thought;
Aided by what experience hath taught,
The intellect inspires them all, combined
With garnered knowledge, sharply sought,
And practise that has trained the eye and hand,
Working with impulse that produces naught,
Save what both heart and mind can understand,
Showing, as such a blending only can,
The Perfect Artist in the Perfect Man.

"WHEN WILKIE came to our class," says Burnett, "he had much enthusiasm of a queer and silent kind, and very little knowledge of drawing; he had made drawings, it is true, from living Nature in that wide academy the World, and chiefly from men and boys, or such groups as chance threw in his way; but in that sort of drawing on which taste and knowledge are united, he was far behind others, who, without a tittle of his talent, stood in the same class. Though behind in skill, he however, surpassed, and that from the first, all his companions in comprehending the character of whatever he was set to draw. It was not enough for him, to say 'draw that antique foot,' or, 'draw this antique hand;' no, he required to know to what statue the foot or the hand belonged; what was the action, and what the sentiment. He soon felt that in the true antique, the action and sentiment pervaded it from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, and that unless this was known, the fragment was not understood, and no right drawing of it could be made. When he knew the meaning, he then began, and not till then, to outline it, studiously and slowly, telling those who reproached him with being tardy, that the meanest figure in the humblest group in the works of every great artist had a meaning and a character."—*Life of Wilkie*.

PHYSIOGNOMY.—As we have said before, in the instinct by which we identify a face, the features have no real part,—it is the spirit within witnessing, by some wonderful adaptation, with the spirit of the gazer, which alone touches the electric springs of recognition. The subordinate part which the mere features play in the memory, may have something to do with that peculiarity in a dream by which we see our friends with all sorts of new and strange faces—even with other people's faces—and yet are not puzzled as to their identity, knowing them, by some other law, to be themselves. As regards also exercise of the physiognomical faculty, it is undeniable that the majority of mankind have, at first sight, "no characters at all." Two thirds of those faces which pass us in the street tell us nothing of their mission. The life is not in them,—the wires are not at work,—they show their features, but nothing more.—*Quarterly Review*.